After school antics

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staying after school can be a whole more fun than you expected

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“Lexy, can you stay behind this afternoon to help out”. Mr Maidly asked, but in a way which said I know you will.
You see I am a prefect which means it is my job as a lead student to drop my life after school and help them, (not really but that is how I saw it).
“Yes sir”. I replied quiet nonchalantly I didn’t really mind with sir he was the youngest in our school (24) and quiet cool, he would let us have our music out in class and in free time play you tube on the interactive white board. In addition, to be honest I had a little crush on him, but I am the kind of person not to show my feelings, he had cobalt blue eyes and caramel hair that was floppy and a mess on his head tanned skin and a self confident air that made the kids respect him.
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“Are you okay”? A soft but strong voice asked me with a little urgency.
“Yes, I’m fine sir I just fell the book shelf was too high for me and I wobbled and fell down of the stool”. I replied sheepishly.
Then I caught him staring at me not concerning as he should be, but flustered I followed his eyes. My crotch, that’s were his eyes were on my cute little bunny knickers, my skirt had ridden up around my waste must have been from when I fell. Oh the shame, my cheeks were burning. He was coming over to help me when he tripped and landed on me, he just managed too brace his hands on both sides of me to stop from body slamming me.
He was in a half kneeling half-straddling position above me, his warm breath in my face, my heartbeat doing fifty miles per hour. It was an eternity before we made a move to free ourselves from the embarrassing position.
Instead of letting me up straight away as I thought he would a number of looks passed over his face I wonder what he was contemplating I soon got my answer. He pushed me down on to my back and kicked the stock room door shut with his feet.
“What are you doing”? I said breathlessly and confused, but so excited, cause in a strange way I knew what was coming.
He did not reply to me he just bent his head stared into my eyes then his lips descended on mine. The kiss was hot and all consuming as if he wanted to swallow me whole, he feasted on my lips and our tongues did the ancient tango, its thrusting mimicking a promise of what was to come.

He took one hand away from supporting himself, to roam over my young supple body; he pulled up my cardigan and slid his hand under my loose school shirt to find my erect nipple, his finger grazed it and a deep moan vibrated from my throat. He proceeded to toy and tease me until his fingers finally clamped shut around my nipple and with his index finger, a thumb started to rub around it, just from that I though I would fall over the edge of pleasure.
He pulled his hand away and stopped kissing me, what was going on? Right when I was so hot for him, he was going to leave me like this frustrated and horny. “Get up and take your shirt of “. He said with a voice filled with an adrenaline rush. I complied lifting my cardigan and slowly unbuttoning my shirt with trembling fingers.
“Now before we do this are you sure”? He asked me. I shakily nodded my head he was asking me if I was really going to sleep with him, I was scared it would be my first time, in a stock cupboard at school ,the shame, but I wanted him. After all my body would not let me refuse.
Trailing kisses down my neck across my chest and then finally my pouting nipple in his mouth, he was slowly suckling me while his other hand played with its twin. He switched sides this time the free hand did not go to the other nipple, instead it slowly traveled down my flat mid-drift over my skirt round my thigh and ever slower yet to out side my knickers. Where he proceeded to stroke my body up and down. He stopped kissing me kneeled on his knees and put my legs over his shoulder.
“Lift your bottom; I’m going to take of your panties”. I complied, he slowly pulled them up and took them of and placed them to one side. He started to kiss the inner part of my thigh until he got to my *pleasure button* with the tip of his tongue he touched it, electric shock or what felt like it radiated through my body and I jolted. He started lapping away at me my juices starting to flow like a burst dam, his tongue plunged into my hole making a gasp escape from me with each thrust of his tongue I was nearing my climax. However, it was the circling of his tongue on my clit that finally pushed me over the edge and what a fall it was, I came gushing over his tongue he lapped up my juices and kissed me to make me taste my own juice.
He took of his shirt and un-buckled his pants and drew down the zip. ‘Gulp’ he was huge, how was all of that going to fit inside of me. He must of see the look on my face because he said.
"Do not be scared it will not hurt that much the pain will fade after a while". With those words or re assurance he plunged into me, breaking my wall of innocence making me a woman. I had to bit down on my lip to stop me from yelling out, tears slipped down my face, he reached down wiped and kissed my tears away, slowly once the pain had stopped I signaled to him we could continue by thrusting my hips up and down slowly. He laughed a bit a my inexperienced moving and took over the lead.
It was slow at first, them he built up a momentum I followed it was hard, raw and primal our goal self-satisfaction to reaching out peek.
My breathing was coming up short and I could feel the build of my orgasm as he thrust into me harder and harder than before.
Stars burst in my head as I had reached my goal, I was just ridding the waves now of his thrusting till he came, ‘don’t come inside me”. I said panicky , since he hand no condom on. He pulled out and forcefully thrust his dick in my mouth. He got my hair and kept bobbing my head up and down on his:

thick, hard shaft he made me deep throat him leading me to gag but it must have sent him over the edge because he blew his load down my warm throat and made me swallow the rest when he let me up.

Getting our cloths back on, he needed to button up his shirt I needed to find my panties he’d placed some where.

But as I'd just found my knickers, hidden under some files a voice kept calling out; “Mr Maidly, Mr Maidly are you in there, the breath stopped in my throat as the door handle started to twist…